

## Heat Aid

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## Heat Aid

by [Morpheel](#)

### Summary

Everyone said that owning a hybrid-pet would be a relatively stress free ordeal.

You feed them, water them, take care of their needs; and they provide you companionship and loyalty that would make it all worth the trouble in the end. It was a largely harmonious relationship...

Except nobody fucking mentioned anything about a "Heat Cycle."

### Notes

So Bakugou adopts Izuku, a rabbit hybrid, and all goes well for a while. We all know what happens from there. ;)

(Also Izuku has a pussy. That's my A/O/B headcanon, just as a heads up. I've always hated lubricating buttoholes lmao.)

See the end of the work for more [notes](#)

# Hey Google What The Fuck

- - - - - Rabbit Izuku Reference - - - - -



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**“What to do when your bunny is in heat.”**

**“How to help bun hybrid through season.”**

**“What the fuck my rabbit won’t stop humping everything.”**

**“How to stop horny fuck from destroying your home.”**

**“How do you handle a rabbit that won’t stop wanting to fuck.”**

**“For the love of god someone help me with my rabbit in heat.”**

No matter what manner of searches that Katsuki Bakugou input towards Google, they all seemed to come up with the same options that he really didn’t want to see right now. Articles, scholarly debates, personal forums with other hybrid-rabbit owners; all of them Katsuki could say he’s searched since bringing his first pet home.

*“Why’d you get a rabbit of all things, Bakubro?”*

*“Yeah, you’re not exactly the type for skittish pets. Rabbits are notorious for their nerves, especially to loud noises and-“*

*“Will you both clamp your traps shut? I got it because it was the only one that didn’t make a fucking fool of itself at the shelter. Tripping all over each other to get to the front of the cage, pawing at it, being obnoxious little fuckers that wouldn’t shut up-“*

*Bakugou paused, steeling his breath as he turned to shitty hair and the electrical wannabe. “A rabbit is quiet, doesn’t need to be trained not to shit anywhere, and would stay out of my hair.*

And you know, for the first few months? It was goddamn great.

Midoriya Izuku, as the shelter had called him, was an absolute delight in the terms that he kept out of the pro-hero’s way. He was soft spoken, often times avoided the room Bakugou was in at any cost that he could.

He needed space just about as much as Bakugou did. His nerves would cause him to jolt at the smallest of noises; heart rapidly beating any time there was any sense of danger. It was hard to ignore that prey instinct- even when the rational part of his mind spoke against the pesky response. Yet he sparingly allowed Bakugou to pet his soft fur whenever his temper would find something ruined within the apartment.

While only his chest sported a fine layer of greyish green fluff, and from the waist down was all soft fur and muscled thighs- Izuku was surprisingly pleasant to pet. The hybrid came just to Bakugou’s lower abdomen, short in height yet confirmed to be the same age as the hero in pet years.

He could even be clingy at times, bounding up to Bakugou when he seemed not too occupied with something else, and plop that undeniably cute face into his palm for pets. Those wild curls were nice to weave through, flopped ears even softer to the touch as he’d play with them while watching T.V.

However the moment Midoriya got his fill he would hop down, skitter to the nest he constructed in the corner, and curl up with one of his many books.

It wasn’t an exactly perfect arrangement at times, given the rabbit’s horrendously nervous tendencies, yet it worked well.

Until the first spring rolled around and suddenly Bakugou noticed that the smaller nest had doubled in size. All manners of his clothes- both hero apparel and otherwise- were bunched up within the rabbit’s possession.

He had destroyed the sofa to pluck the soft padding and foam from the internals, leaving only a mess of metal and fabric in his wake as it all piled up high into his nest. It only just so peeked from the edges of clothes that Bakugou could recognize as from his dirty pile, feeling his nose scrunch up in barely contained rage at the sight.

His sofa wasn’t the only casualty in his rabbit’s wake.

The pillows were destroyed, his bed was ransacked of sheets- and the very fucking culprit of it all was nestled deep into the gigantic pile he had constructed. His gaze was completely out of it when Bakugou stormed up to the mess in his living room, green eyes hazy and unfocused as his chest rose and fell with rapid desperation.

He was rolled over onto his side, a completely submissive posture for a bun, with his thighs tightly held together and twitching in time with the rapid wave of his tail. He didn’t even seem to notice he was in trouble- even when Bakugou shouted in frustration and nearly tossed the useless sofa out of

the side of the wall.

Miniature explosions were ringing out across his palms, causing the hare's ears to twitch at the noise. Blearily he raised his head from the confines of his blankets, despite how comfortable and *perfect* he finally managed to get it.

From the dopey look in his face as a small smile spread across those plump cheeks, Bakugou felt all of his anger dissipating as the pet's smooth voice called out, "*Kaachan...*", in a manner that was very difficult to stay infuriated with.

Little fucking shit.

Instead Bakugou found himself huddled before his computer, fingers furiously typing away into the search bar as he looked for remedies and solutions to the second part of Midoriya's little problem.

He was in heat- and almost anything small and soft was fair game for him to hump against.

Those pillows weren't going to be salvageable by the end of his cycle, what with the way he bounced and grinded against them as if his life depended upon it. The sofa's armrest was another particular place for Izuku to mount himself on, as well as the multi-colored bouncy ball that the hare favored so much.

He couldn't watch when the rabbit even jumped his large stuffed bear, button nose twitching furiously as his hips worked with equal frustration.

It was such a horrid switch on the rabbit's usual personality that Bakugou swore he'd get whiplash at this rate. Anytime he'd attempt to stop the behavior he would receive a harsh nip in return, the bun rising onto his haunches and looking ready to pounce. Strange behavior- especially for a prey species.

Rubbing his temples in frustration, sitting upon a mound of old shirts to make up for the lack of stuffing in his computer chair, Bakugou allowed his head to fall upon the table with a loud thump. All of these Google searches were complete bullshit. Every option was equally demeaning in some way, or knew it wouldn't fly well with his skittish and temperamental Omega rabbit.

1. Find a willing Alpha stud to sate the innate need for a litter within the pet.
2. Lock them up for the duration to avoid property damage.
3. Offer the pet a selection of heat/rut aid toys.
4. Sate their needs yourself.

The first option was already immediately out. He knew Izuku wouldn't want to have a litter, even if the price for flop eared kits were staggeringly high now-a-days. It was on his adoption papers that the rabbit would prefer to not be a dam.

Two was just flat out cruel. No doubt while locking him up would have avoided the horrendous disaster he returned to, there was just no humane way that Bakugou could justify locking his rabbit in a cage and letting them wail it out. Despite what some sickos on the internet may think; hybrids had feelings and preferences too, just like any damn human.

Three was just flat out awkward, although one of the best methods to help your pet. Give them a fucking dildo and let them literally ride it out not even a few beats away from yourself? Weird. It sat uncomfortably heavy in the bottom of Bakugou's chest, imagining his companion buried knot deep on an artificial dick right next to his workspace.

But the last option...

Oh boy, that last option there....

It was humiliating. It was flat out humiliating to give himself over to the thought of helping Izuku Midoriya himself, human or not. While he enjoyed the hare's presence in more ways than one, he just couldn't picture himself delving between those plush thighs and soothing that burning ache deep within Izuku's abdomen using his-

Smacking his head down onto the top of the desk once more, Bakugou willed the image away with a loud shout of frustration.

Okay, so what! Midoriya was cute! He was his age, with a bright mind and witty comments whenever they would talk to each other! He liked to read books, rest those soft foot pads against his thigh on the couch, and kick at him when a particularly action packed scene would startle him. He was charismatic, enthusiastic, and way better company than any actual-humans could be.

Was there anything wrong with liking his presence like **that**, too? It wasn't uncommon for hybrids and humans to be in actual committed relationships, although the stigma against their animalistic characteristics was heavily debated upon.

They could speak for themselves, think for themselves, and even hold a spot in society where they could make their own living and work independently!

But that animal side was blaringly obvious.

His hands to elbow were covered in a fine layer of fluff, turning into smooth skin up his bicep to chest. While he sported a large puff of fur at the line of his neck, it quickly turned back into human skin all the way to his waist. However, that was when the human similarities ended.

The entire anatomical structure was completely rabbit. From curved thighs, to elongated paws, and wide hips that were nearly trademark to the hare species- Izuku was undeniably rabbit, and that made it difficult to ignore the truth.

Even if his human facial features were just as prominent; it was hard to look past the term "pet" when he thought of the hare.

This made it all the more conflicting when he'd turn over his shoulder- only to see Izuku struggling to keep his paws off of himself.

Bakugou felt a horrified bubble of arousal rise from his groin when he'd catch those soft fingers parting his legs open wide, rubbing at the small slit that had appeared between his fur when excitement and heat swelled the skin full.

His lips were soft and puffy, labia easily parting for his fingers as he buried them deep in his sopping wet cunt. It stuffed that pink hole wide from the awkward angle, tail rapidly wagging as his hips worked frantically against whatever simulation he could get.

It was clear he was frustrated- especially as he bit his lower lip raw between bucked teeth. "A-Ah...hah..." He breathed out, tears welling in those gorgeous forest-green gems as the buildup of pleasure was too much.

Bakugou hardly even realized he had burned the wood of his desk from the sheer force of his grip, whipping his head away just quick enough to avoid the features of his expression to scrunch up in sheer pleasure. With belated horror he realized that he was sporting a solid half chub, only more

tempted to sate himself as he adjusted the seam to not dig into his guilty flesh.

The sound of thumping paws against the nest only weakened his resolve further, Midoriya's cries growing more and more frantic as the tiny tag of his collar jingled with each turn. Nothing that the bun did could sate himself, no matter what matter of unfortunate items he tried to cram into himself.

Can't use that hairbrush now- Nor the remote- Nor the fucking cucumber he had planned to chop up for his salad.

Tugging at his hair in frustration, Bakugou knew that he couldn't last the three days left of the week without blowing something up. He wasn't able to focus on his missions, knowing that the heat-stench exuding from the small rabbit could attract stray Alphas to break into his apartment. He worried what the bun was getting into, if he was okay, if he'd become stricken with heat sickness while Bakugou was out.

He just couldn't go on like this.

So making an executive decision that Katsuki knew he'd regret later, he made his rounds by the local pet store before he came back from patrol.

# Frisky Business

## Chapter Summary

Bakugou tries to keep Izuku at bay with toys, yet the temptation is just too great.

“Deku, I’m home.” He called out into the dimly lit room, not hearing much of response. The only thing he got was a muted groan pulled from the hybrid’s chest. No doubt he was exhausted, should the state of his empty water bottle by his nest be any indication. He made note to refill it- after managing the big bag of shit he wound up buying.

Much to his own mortification.

“I’ve got some presents for you.” Bakugou called out, careful to keep the wording open ended as to not startle his rabbit into embarrassment. Even if the poor thing seemed shameless for now, once the heat passed, Bakugou had no doubt in his mind it would be catastrophic.

Midoriya’s mussed up hair perked up from the nest first, eyes hazy and unfocused as the small paws rubbed at his eyes. “Kacchan?” he mused, attempting to wipe the sleep away as his body remained curled up within his nest.

Grunting out an affirmation, Bakugou rattled the bag against the table, leaving a wide berth for Izuku to approach at his leisure. The commotion certainly gripped the bun’s attention if the way he peered up was any indication. His body was sluggish and slow-moving in the way that he clambered down the side, stretching up onto his two legs and stretching the sore thighs at the motion.

Bakugou tried to ignore how there was slick clinging to his fur.

He turned away from the rabbit when he noticed Izuku freezing on the spot at direct eye contact, the skittish nature of his instincts persevering even through their constant presence and contact. Instead he made his way to the kitchen to whip up an easy dish of bacon, eggs, and toast; trying to ignore the rapid-pulse of his heart as he heard the bag crinkle.

Tense silence gripped the household as Midoriya was no doubt inspecting the discreet packaging of the “heat aids”, despite their intentions and uses being quite clear. He got a knotted dildo, a bullet vibrator, a mounting base, and plenty of pet-safe lubricant. Although from the flashing memory of his matted thighs proved Izuku may not even need it.

Everything was horrifically embarrassing to buy, especially when he had to make fucking small talk with the overly-cheerful cashier. Why’d Bakugou have to know that they use the same shit on their pet? Was it supposed to make him feel better about that? It made him feel like a dirty old man in a perverse sex shop, rather than a professionally neutral heat aid for the betterment of his pet’s needs.

Nevertheless he heard Izuku pull in a short breath, before nearly ripping apart the packaging in his haste to get to the contents. Bakugou remained steeled in his work, swabbing on a mound of butter into the sizzling pan and trying to ignore the way that Midoriya was struggling with the plastic.

“If you, uh, need a hand just yell or something.” He rumbled, before cracking the egg into the pan and trying to keep to himself as much as possible. It was tempting to turn around and see just what he was working on first. However he didn’t have to mull for long- not when the rabbit was practically pressing against the side and offering the chewed up package to Bakugou.

“Can you open it, please?” he asked, voice small and breathless, eyes unfocused and hazy as the heat threatened to take away his higher brain functions once more.

With a request like that how could Bakugou possibly say no?

He gripped the slightly sodden package between his fingers, grunting out in frustration as Izuku’s spit from chewing had completely totaled the plastic. It was hard to get a proper hold on, not even bending to the hero’s natural will.

Finally he growled in frustration, quirk activating just enough to fill the room with the putrid smell of burnt plastic. Yet the toy sat in his palm. It grossed him out to no end, seeing the clearly pet-shaped allure of it, before he turned on the faucet and ran it under the sink for measure.

A few awkward strokes of the silicone had Bakugou questioning just how his life had come to this. Only when he was sure the toy was clean enough for use did he pass it back, nose crinkling up in distress when Izuku nuzzled under his arm.

He was chirping in content, as closely as he could with ragged breath, before scurrying off with the toy in tow. The rabbit didn’t seem to give any singular fuck about the food that Bakugou was cooking. Rather instead the rabbit had relocated back to his nest, and it was there that the pro-hero forced his mental images to cease.

He could already image just how desperate Izuku was.

Poor Bakugou damn nearly burnt his eggs he was so lost in his own world, the yolks already hardened and whites rubbery in a way that had him contemplate tossing the offending food out the window. However the thought of wasting food had him grumbling as he scooped the portions onto the plate regardless.

The bacon was too crispy, the toast had cooled by the time he spread jam on it, and the final product sat heavy in his mouth as he took unsavory bite after bite. He grit his teeth with each clamp of his jaw, the chewing far more aggressive than he meant it to be.

He was just as unsatisfied as Izuku was.

...Key word at **was**.

Now he could hear the subtle panting of his co-habitant, far too easy to pick out in the stretching quiet of their apartment. He should have turned the T.V. on, or booted up the computer, maybe even played some music; yet no. The only background noise he’d have is the desperate chirping pants coming from the other room.

A particularly loud whimper had him choking on his next bite. The toast stuck like glue to his throat, drier than the fucking desert as he hacked and coughed at the sudden noise. It was paired with the most delicious moan- something straight out of a raunchy porno that Bakugou watched on his spare time.

Or lack of it therefore.

Hey, he was a dude with needs too. Being twenty eight without a stable relationship often times



wreaked havoc on his “*sexual needs*”. There just wasn’t time for the kind of commitment a full relationship had.

Not to mention the multiple dangers being a hero in a relationship entailed. Kidnappings, a weaker link to look after, a shitload of unwanted media attention upon his poor lover of choice- all of these added to the burden of actually seeking out a human interaction now and then.

(He wouldn’t mention how his unpleasant personality often times drove away anything long term, but hey, it definitely didn’t help.)

He was fine talking to other pro-heroes, and maybe picking someone up at the bar after his shift. He didn’t need anything but some porn and his hand.

Cue Izuku moaning out again, crushing his rampant train of thought harder than his grip bent his fork. The damn thing was nothing more than a puddle in his hands by the time he slammed it down, burying his face in his hands as blearily he attempted to fight away the encroaching flush spreading across his neck.

A shiver worked down his spine when Midoriya panted out for more, a wordless plea to an unknowing audience. The vivid image of what his little bun was up to with those few words had Bakugou palming at his jeans, the hero suit he wore feeling ungodly stuffy in this cramped apartment. Why was this spring so insufferably hot?

Surely he could at least unbutton his pants. He had the intention of just full on removing them, since hey, he wasn’t on shift anymore. The hero costume was tacky and uncomfortable against his body, gross from sweat and exertion, and no doubt needed a wash before tomorrow. With that excuse in mind he rose from his seat to shrug off the miscellaneous parts that decorated the fabric.

As each layer of his clothing was tossed unceremoniously to the floor, Bakugou felt a dull rush of excitement move through him with each sound that reached his ears. There was the expected ragged breath of the heat-ridden pet, followed shortly by cut off whimpers, and delectable moans that had Katsuki’s mouth practically watering.

It was like Izuku’s filter was completely ripped away. It left nothing but a mess of hormones and need, uncaring of just how loud he was being. Or even what he was saying.

“Yes, yes, yessss...”The quiet voice hissed between clenched teeth, so quiet Bakugou almost missed it past the rustling of his clothes. Yet there Izuku was again. He moaned and panted and groaned out with each passing moment, octave steadily climbing until his voice was nothing but an airy squeak.

Bakugou hardly felt shame as his cock stood straight up within his boxers, tenting the fabric he remained hesitant to part with. He had his clothes gathered within his arms, heavy with the knowledge that their washer was just behind him near the entrance of their condo.

There would be no need to pass Izuku if he went right to the washer.

So in a pitiful attempt to convince even himself of his bullshit, Bakugou went towards the living room, with the innocent intention of gathering his clothing from the bedroom. He just wanted to pass by and grab all the normal civilian clothing he could.

Yet the sight he walked in to was something that even Bakugou couldn’t have predicted.

Izuku was kneeling within his nest, flushed from cheeks to hips, tail twitching rapidly as his thighs trembled from sheer exertion. He was squatted into his nest, paws between his legs and gripping

the pink base of a very, *very* familiar, “head aid”.

However only the base was visible.

The rest of it was buried deep between the hybrid’s folds, the length of it completely hidden as the poor thing clenched down in rhythmic shivers. He was overstimulated, overexerted, and overfilled- if the way the toy slightly pressed through his lower abdomen was any hint.

The sight of it all had Bakugou quickly losing grip of his clothes, red eyes widening comedically as instantly his thoughts all dipped south. As well as all of the blood in his body to his dick.

Izuku was slow to catch on to the fact he had a voyeur.

His paws kept steady on the toy, keeping it against the bottom of the nest as incrementally he rose up a fraction of an inch at a time. It was such a full stretch, keeping Izuku on the pads of his paws, before instantly shivering the second the knot pulled out with a comedic pop.

Slick poured down onto the sheets, glistening past the knot and dripping down messily with each light twitch of his waist. Midoriya grinded down once more; testing the knot with a small stutter to his motions.

Bakugou’s breaths had turned as hot as the rest of him, eyes quickly hooding as he stared at the Hybrid that enraptured him so thoroughly. It was so unfair, in so many definitions of the word. Infuriating even! Why did any half pet half human have to snare him so thoroughly within their allure?

The way Izuku worked his hips, the muscles bulging just under fine fur, sweet doe eyes fluttering shut with each parted gasp leaving him. That is, until those eyes opened once more- locking on Bakugou within a second’s notice.

Bakugou froze to the spot when it seemed his partner took note of his presence, dead in his tracks, the two holding a face-off that grew tenser than most standoffs with actual villains. Neither hybrid nor human seemed to know what to do as they took stock of each other’s presence.

From the toy within Izuku, to the massive bulge hiking up Bakugou’s boxers, they were clearly at a standstill. Yet the moment that Bakugou shifted the trance was broken. Izuku instantly collapsed onto his back, a loud keen working from the pit of his throat as the toy slid out from how quickly Izuku spread his legs open.

“Bakugou!” he shouted, hardly able to contain the excitement in his fogged expression. Those soft paws went down to the lips of his pussy, spreading it wide open and leading to the most debauched sight Bakugou swore he’s ever seen.

Izuku was stretched wide enough to show, clenching down on nothing as the plush lips flushed a darker pink than any part of his body. The sight alone had Bakugou’s mouth mimicking waterworks, lips parted in shock as it seemed the bun was inviting him to everything that’s plagued the human’s thoughts since his heat first began.

Morals were miniscule in the face of the lustful burn searing through Bakugou’s chest.

He took a step forward to test the waters, keeping close eye on Izuku in case the skittish darling would wind up running in the face of confrontation. While Izuku was largely within his mindframe at any given time, it was no secret sometimes the furry asshole in his head spoke louder than the human. It led to the darting-for-cover response, and the constantly-twitchy effect.

Yet Izuku remained mellow as his master approached, fingers idly tracing his labia as he kept himself spread and presented to the larger human. Inside of his deep green eyes was something akin to adoration. It ignited itself through Bakugou's core, feeling a prickle of affection growing at the back of his eyes.

"Kacchan.." he whispered, as if sharing a secret only they knew, luring the human into his nest with gentle waves of the hand not currently playing with himself.

It was the last push the hot-headed hero needed. He climbed up the side of the mountain that consisted of Izuku's nest, grumbling at the fact he was basically scaling his own dirty clothing. But the prize was well worth the sense of slight disgust clinging to him.

The hare was staring up at him through glossy eyes, a Cheshire smile across his lips as greedy paws gripped at the side of his bare arms. It was in that moment that the sheer state of disarray that Bakugou was in became blaring obvious again. He was in nothing more than a pair of red boxers-ones which Midoriya seemed more than happy about.

Those plump lips were parted open, only to quickly be swiped over by the bun's sweet tongue. "Needed this, Kacchan..." He drawled, drunk off of the hormones rolling from his body. The toy was quickly kicked aside, though, as the bottom of his foot playfully fit between Bakugou's legs. "But this is so much better than silicone."

Just the confirmation had Bakugou's throat closing tight, the paw nudging against his prominent erection feeling sinfully good, even with it just being barely a tickle of contact. He chased down something more, lurching his hips forward in need of more stimulation.

At least the shabby buck of his hips had Izuku laughing, a crinkle to his eyes that remained so horrifically charming that Bakugou worried his heart would stutter in an attempt to figure out where to send the blood in his body. Did it stay engorged in his hyperactive pulse, or spread to the line of his cock?

He was working through the whiplash when Izuku suddenly pulled him closer, not caring that his fingers were coated in fluids. His soft button nose pressed to Bakugou's pulse point, drawing in a deep breath that sent a full shiver down his body. "Y'smell so good, Katsuki," he began, nestling deeper into the tense throat of his master. "Love it so much. Much better than old clothes."

Oh, so it was a scent thing? The realization never even dawned on Bakugou until now. He had just assumed it was some strange fascination with his dirty clothes pile that drew Izuku in. His scent must be heavily saturated within most of the articles, given the intense workout routine he stuck to, even outside of his job.

His hands paused; framing Izuku's head and staring down at the prone rabbit with lingering hesitation and nerves. He wanted to just delve in, to fuck the willing and pliant form until they both came, but...

Suddenly finding arms wound tight around his neck, Bakugou was startled from his thoughts at the sensation of soft lips pressing to his own. Izuku's mouth was warm and oh so soft against his own chapped pair. They blew away the clouds storming his thoughts with a single burst of confidence, something rooting down into Bakugou, giving him the edge he needed to press further and dominate the kiss in an instant.

Izuku went happily along with the ride as their kiss turned from passionate to desperate. Tongues met, parted lips gasped around shared breaths, before teeth pulled the plush lower lip between Bakugou's sharp incisors. It had Midoriya pleasantly fuzzy in the head, slumped back and letting

his master give what he pleased to the kiss.

When they parted it was with the fleeting sensation of their lips sticking together, Izuku's chest rising and falling to properly fill his lungs. That spark within Katsuki's eyes had the rabbit's paws curling in delight, toe beans bunching together. He was just about to ask what it was that Bakugou wanted- when suddenly the booming voice of his excitable master caught his attention.

"I want you to sit on my damn face."

It was less of a command and more of a question, hesitance wavering within his gaze, only steeling himself further as tempered red stared down at forest green. Izuku didn't seem to know what to say at that.

It took a long moment of processing to register the request. Yet when he did? The rabbit was switching their positions with a hearty amount of squirming, eyes hooded in anticipation as he gripped Bakugou and turned him into the sheets.

Those toned thighs shuffled to frame Bakugou's chest, spreading his legs wide enough to give the human a *perfect* view. Katsuki could hardly contain his glee at being able to carefully weave his arms up, gripping Izuku's thighs and pulling him closer towards his face. "God, you're so fucking hot when you're debauched like this." He rumbled, eyes flickering down to where his grand prize waited.

Izuku didn't even get a chance to respond before a warm tongue was parting him open, delving between his puffy labia and gathering his slick with a single curl. His thighs twitched at the surprise of the attack, hardly able to keep steady when Bakugou's tongue seemed content to linger just a bit longer on his clit than the rest.

It was a teasing flick against the sensitive and sore nub. It being previously rubbed raw; Izuku was deeply overstimulated as he curled his paws within Katsuki's spiked hair. Every single pass over the nerves caused the rabbit to tug at blonde locks, eliciting the headiest growls that could grace Izuku's flopped ears.

It had him shivering in delight with each tug, enjoying the low timbre rumbling straight through him. He could hardly stop himself from grinding down in response, chasing that skillful tongue as it seemed hellbent on avoiding the spots the Hybrid really needed.

He was playing with Izuku, teasing the folds, pressing to his entrance-but never fucking pushing in. It had him bouncing in frustration, attempting to work further down, yet only succeeding in smearing his slick all across the hero's jaw.

It was a messy ordeal, given just how much he produced in heat.

Bakugou didn't seem to mind. If anything the human only ate with renewed vigor at the juices flowing down his chin, trying to catch every drop, while preventing his own spittle from trailing down the corner of his lips. It was easier said than done.

But at least his efforts were rewarded, if the way that Izuku tensed all over was an indication. His tail shot straight up the second that his orgasm washed through him. It caused a gush of warm fluids to drip down the side of Bakugou's chin, unable to keep up with the output as the warm sensation chased down his neck.

Yet he worked his Deku through it, tongue delving in and out with practiced ease while the hare slumped in sheer satisfaction. He was doped up on hormones. The bun's balance was heavily tilted

as he tried to rise up from Bakugou's face, lazily petting through his wild hair.

"Th-That was good." He breathed out, admiring the way his owner had to catch his breath. He really had eaten Izuku out, way better than the bun had initially thought he would. But that dull ache remained heavy within his abdomen, demanding more than just a measly orgasm.

With a hungry glint to his eyes that remained unnoticed by Katsuki, Izuku threw himself further back along Bakugou's prone body. The man was absolutely a feast to the eyes; all sculpted muscle fit across a broad form, scars littering his body like stripes, with a fine set to his jaw that cemented the rugged and handsome look.

His paw pads curled in delight at the prospect of such a strong mate, licking his lips as surprise flickered onto Kacchan's face. "Izuku?" he drawled, voice oddly rough and scratchy when it wasn't consistently shouting.

The human had barely any time to react before suddenly burning heat was engulfing him.

The rabbit had borderline tore apart Bakugou's boxers in an attempt to reach his final prize. The stain in the fabric was only proof of how turned on the hero was, his affections for the rabbit especially prominent in that dark patch of fluid.

Izuku had no regrets to the stretch, head thrown back in delight at how easily he could slide down on that monstrous cock. The bun had plenty of practice with the toy, confident if he could take the knot then he would be able to handle the smooth skin of the human.

Arguably this was far superior to silicone. The flesh was tight and alive, radiating warmth through his innards, yet somehow still dousing the fire burning deep in his abdomen. It was akin to a cool breeze, or chewing ice on a hot summer day. It was perfect for the short term relief- but the long term wasn't nearly enough.

Immediately he felt his cheeks heating up once more, that burning ache consuming him as the urge to grind down was halted by a strong grip to his plump waist. Bakugou was holding him still, teeth grit tight, eyes screwed shut in focus to not blow his load right there inside of the needy hybrid.

"Y-You fucking prick, I could use a warning next time." he hissed, blunt nails digging into the skin in a manner that had a delighted chirp rising from the rabbit. The cheeky thing offered no other response than a roll of his hips, feeling the thick cock inside of him brushing *every* good spot he swore he had.

Green eyes rolled to the back of his skull when Katsuki bucked his hips up experimentally, greedy hands palming down his thighs and tightening his grip like a vice. "Needy little shit-" he hissed, determination creasing his brow as the heat from his palms burned pleasantly through Izuku's skin.

Another broken thrust of the human's hips had the hare crying out for more, ears twitching as his tail wagged on in unbroken delight. Getting stuffed full like this was exactly what Midoriya needed. The tension melted from his body with each grind of Katsuki's hips, meeting them with excited bounds of his own.

Those thighs weren't just for show.

They effortlessly pushed themselves along Bakugou when the human grew tired. He had been on patrol all day, wearing himself out at the gym, before coming home with sex toys for his rabbit. Izuku was sure that the blonde could use a break.

So placing his hands down across the herculean physique that his owner sported, Izuku got down

to work. He couldn't keep his hands to himself as soft paw pads skimmed across Bakugou's body, greedy in memorizing every single inch as his hips worked in rhythmic motions.

Those powerful tendons shifted just beneath the skin, flexing and moving in a manner that had the poor rabbit clenching down around Bakugou's shaft from the display. His abs were especially tantalizing to the bunny, tracing the six pack with reverence as his cunt greedily swallowed every inch over and over again.

He was breathing out a broken cry when Bakugou yanked him down further, the man's eyebrows clenched together as his jaw bulged in stress. "Fuck- I'm going to cum if you keep that up." He hissed in a half-hearted effort to warn the rabbit to either hurry up or hurry off.

The thought of warm cum filling him could have tears running down Izuku's cheeks he needed it so badly.

With energy even the rabbit wasn't aware he possessed he began to bound upon Bakugou's cock, riding it like the last cruise of his pitiful existence. His hips snapped forward and back with shaking motions, grinding in small circles as Katsuki's chest became his perch.

He rode until he swore he couldn't move any longer, thighs shaking from the muscle strain, before finally the hare got just what he wanted-

Izuku sighed as he felt the warm strings of cum painting the insides of his walls, lazily jerking himself off to climax with subtle motions of his fingers against his clit. Bakugou was buried so deep within him that he swore the head of his cock poked straight out of his abdomen, making the small pouch of chub all the more prominent as his hands idly traveled along the bulge.

He was breathless by the time that Bakugou finished, the hero's head thumping down onto the nest as Izuku allowed himself to lean forward to meet him. The action wasn't without consequence, however. Izuku shuttered as he felt Katsuki's softened cock slip out of him, resulting in a warm trickle of cum to plop straight back down onto its source.

Katsuki wanted to complain more about the mess Izuku was making on his lap, the sticky release sure to turn tacky and flaked the longer it remained on their skin. However that was a task that proved far too much effort to accomplish; not when said Hybrid was curled up comfortable against his chest and purring away.

Those raven locks were sinfully soft to run his fingers through, shining a brilliant green when he twisted the hair just right between his fingers. The rabbit was gorgeous beyond words, enough so to stifle his attitude as the rabbit curled his head just under the line of the human's jaw.

"You're lucky you're so cute." Katsuki muttered to himself, before feeling the ice encasing his heart chip ever so when the tuckered out hare could only hum in response. He was well on his way to snoozeville when Bakugou finally relented, strong arms winding around the rabbit's hips to keep him close within the nest.

Cleanup be damned, he'd just deal with it tomorrow.

# Absolute Territory

## Chapter Summary

Bakugou finally starts making it big in the hero business.

Yet his fame and popularity isn't the only thing experiencing an explosion as of late.

## Chapter Notes

So I didn't plan on writing another chapter, but aye, the filthy urge hit me. Frankly this was probably some of my best and most shameless smut yet so I hope you enjoy it as much as I enjoyed writing it.

A lot has changed in Bakugou's life, as of late.

For starters he could officially call himself the number four Pro-Hero on the board, now that the older generation was stepping down from their esteemed positions. That was pretty exciting. He had poster gigs, interviews, his own product lines abroad throughout the country- he was really living in the attention.

Second was that he had moved out of his original apartment a long, long time ago. The damn place was too expensive and so lost in the shithole management that he jumped ship the moment his hero paychecks dipped the quadruple digits.

Third, was that he had his own hero organization. Which, coincidentally, was where he lived. He had an indescribably beautiful view of the city from the top of the high-rise building, enforced with enameled glass that could withstand the force of even his own explosions rocketing down their surface.

The rest of the building was a bit run down- but hey, it was just a fixer upper when he got the money for it! For now he was content with the view, and the steadily streaming employees and sidekicks he could recruit. Who knew he'd be a beacon to other hot-headed wannabe heroes, and explosion-type quirks?

Soon enough he had a bustling agency filled to the brim with a combination of heroes, sidekicks, support-type employees, and plenty of secretaries to keep up with the personal recruitment calls. Money had quickly become a worry of the past, the more that Bakugou proved himself and his agency as more than competent.

True to his original debut, he was still more wreckless and brash than most other pro-heroes, leaning far more lenient in his personal rules over all else. The government continued to give him firm disapproval of his methods; yet they worked like a damn charm. When tact and posturing was thrown to the wayside in preference of action, it was surprising how much more timid the crime rate had become.

Nobody wanted to get their face blown in by Bakugou's gauntlets, or any of his signature explosive-grade weaponry carried by his sidekicks.

Yeah. A lot had certainly changed within the hero's life, and in such a short timeframe. It seemed the one thing to always stay the same was something far more precious to him than even his budding fame and money.

"Izuku, are you hungry yet?"

At the sound of his name, the dear pet who had been with him through it all, perked those curly green ears up in attention. The rabbit had spread himself out along the couch, a book held between his paws and a pair of sight-correction glasses hung low upon his nose. He scrunched up his features, flipped the page, before quickly marking it and placing the book down.

"Yeah, Kacchan."

Katsuki swore he would never grow tired of this man.

The hybrid had begun to wear more human-centric clothes as of late. His favorite apparel consisted of oversized sweaters, hanging low to his hips and blanketing his human skin in comfortable plush fabric. When he rose it was clear that every single shirt he owned was ten sizes too big, the excess fabric falling mid-thigh.

The sight alone had Bakugou's heart clenching at the sight, red eyes trailing after the bun's path and watching him settle comfortably at the dining table. They had only two chairs pulled up to the table, only enjoying each other's company within their personal space.

Somehow, the entire apartment had become Izuku's nest, and Bakugou hardly could complain. It made the skittish man far less anxious to wander about when everything was scent marked and arranged to his preference.

However, that meant that this space was **just** their own. Nobody else could enter, should they throw off the delicate peace that had been established in Izuku's mind.

Granted Bakugou had absolutely no qualms about that. He hated loud intruders fucking up his space anyways. He liked when it was just him and Izuku. One glance over his shoulder showed the rabbit currently messing around with his phone, thumbs tapping away as his eyes narrowed in concentration over what he had been reading.

"There's a new hero on the rise." The hare spoke, paws scratching at the back of his neck. "A support-type quirk turned offensive. They can overload the energy of a villain and completely short-circuit their quirk. Granted they have to be in contact long enough to charge the energy. And not to mention if they can't overload right off the back they simply gave their target a huge power boost."

Bakugou hummed in acknowledgement as he gave the stir fry one final turn within the pan, letting Midoriya bounce information off of him as he worked. "Oh? They makin' a name for themselves?"

He could practically hear the excitement in the rabbit's words as he spoke, "No different than most other pro-hero reveals. In fact, they already seem to be under heavy scrutiny from other pro-heroes within the area. He's all talk, they're claiming, although the business is cutthroat so we can't take their words for certain."

Izuku only turned up from his phone when a plate of rice was put in front of him, before wiggling excitedly in his seat as a heaping portion of the veggie-only stir fry was poured over it. Katsuki's



cooking was unspoken as possibly the best trait the human had to offer.

Midoriya couldn't even wait for the hero himself to sit before he delved into the food, spoonful after spoonful shoveling into his mouth as he kept scrolling through articles regarding the hero "Supercharge."

At least until Bakugou made his presence known once more with a small scoff. He had placed the rest of the pan's contents over his own rice- only mixing in chunks of sautéed meat to the mix. All of it blended well as he stirred his spoon into the contents, barely restraining the jealousy in his look.

"Hello- living, breathing pro hero. Right in front of you!" he accused, only softening when Izuku's gaze twinkled in amusement. The rabbit stuck his pink tongue out, before placing another heaping spoonful into his mouth. "I see you every day, Ground Zero."

"So? Every time you see me should be as exciting as the last." He griped, before suddenly freezing at the feeling of clothed paws traveling up his calf. Izuku had an innocent expression upon his features, but Bakugou knew better than to trust it. Especially when he just kept lazily trailing upwards.

The rabbit's tongue clicked along his adorable bucked teeth. "I can think of a few cases where I'm slightly more excited to see you than others."

Another big change within Bakugou's life could be considered the...**confidence** that Izuku now could show.

After a very long and very serious conversation regarding the actions they took during Izuku's heat, there was a compromised reached between them, something that the duo would both be comfortable with.

They would no longer refer to reach other as "master" or "pet", they wouldn't bring up society's opinion of relations between humans and hybrids, and they would remain quiet of their affair in general. Bakugou didn't want the attention, and Izuku didn't want to even so much as go outside besides for doctor's visits.

But what happened behind closed doors was their own business.

Izuku had a coy smile spread across his flushed cheeks as the pads of his paws playfully pressed between Katsuki's legs, flexing his toes in a lazy stretch against the bulge. He was still soft in his pants- yet the more that he pressed forward, he could feel the slight twitch of the flesh, sending a pleased shiver down the rabbit's spine.

When Bakugou only spread his legs wider for the contact, Izuku took that as a perfect excuse to grind the heel of his paw just the slightest bit harder. He felt such a rush of power over the way he could get Katsuki hot under the collar. The hero was subtly grinding up into the contact, the softie quickly rising to a half-chub in no time at all.

"You haven't touched your food yet, Kaachan, you should eat before it gets cold." He noted, smug, loving the way his companion nearly choked on his words. The embers burning within his irises shone with a very particular annoyance towards the hare.

He took a large spoonful of the stir fry as he tried his best to keep within his head, not wanting to think of just what his roommate was doing just beneath the table. But of course Izuku was waiting for the exact moment the spoon waivered right over his parted lips.

Bakugou was choking the second that Izuku increased the pressure, a loud swear leaving the hot-head as his spoon fell upon the wood of their table. His teeth were clenched so hard they could break, hooded eyes watching the rabbit as he innocently scrolled through his phone once again.

The little shit.

Two could play at that game.

Catching the rabbit's foot within his palm, Bakugou watched the dull surprise flicker across the hare's feature, before quickly flushing as slowly his calloused hands traveled down the fabric clinging to Izuku's calves. He expected them to end right at the divot of his bent foot, like most of the pairs of his socks did, yet these just kept going.

It had Bakugou's eyebrows quickly reaching his hairline they were lifted so high in surprise, almost having to begin bending over the table to feel up those socks.

Correction. Knee highs.

His fingers found the edge of the stockings, only now realizing that Izuku had been lifting his leg for the sole surprise of Katsuki noticing. He had such a sultry smile upon his face as he gently snapped the elastic just beneath Bakugou's fingertips, glasses falling askew on his features as he knew damn well he had the human right where he wanted him.

Swallowing down a dry breath, Bakugou felt his cock give a traitorous twitch as once more Izuku pressed the pads of his feet upon his pitifully hard cock. "Seems like someone's a little excited." The hare breathed out, shoulders slumping in a way that had his sweater falling over one.

He was slicking up the damn seat in excitement from the way Katsuki was staring at him. The room felt so much hotter, all of a sudden, the more that Bakugou's starved gaze fell upon the one meal he wanted more than anything.

Izuku was **anything** but a tease.

The rabbit made sure to make a show of rising from his seat, shifting his shoulders and pushing out his hips with the motion. "I'm gonna get a drink, Kacchan, you look a little thirsty." He hummed, knowing that Katsuki's eyes were watching him the entire time.

Only he could hear the moment that Bakugou realized just what Izuku was wearing.

Red and grey striped socks ran up the length of his bent legs, the rabbit anatomy making the socks a strange fit- but they did the trick. He could hear the ring of a miniature explosion igniting upon the table with each lazy sway of his hips.

He knew that the bottom of the sweater was riding up his ass with each step, feeling a burning excitement within his abdomen at the thought of putting on a show. He made sure to rise up onto his very toes to reach the glasses that Katsuki kept so cruelly out of reach. The entire underside of his rear felt a subtle chill from the air conditioning, slick making his thighs cold from the contact. He had gone commando today.

He managed to brush his fingertips along the edge of a plastic glass- before humming in thought as the cup knocked over the edge with a dull rattle. "Oh. What a bother." He sighed, watching it roll away before skidding to a halt at the edge of the counters.

"Better pick it up, mm?" he mused, shuffling over to where the cup landed. By the time that Katsuki realized what Izuku had planned, it was far too late.

The hare bent his spine in a perfect angle as he leaned over to pick up the discarded cup, riding up the edge of his sweatshirt from the sudden twist. He knew he was on full display to his captive audience, feeling his tail twitching in unrestrained excitement as the sweater pulled over the appendage.

His thighs and caves were bent in a way that no doubt shown the strength behind his legs, flexing and twisting the muscle, leading sleek and trimmed fur all the way to the very curve of his ass. His cunt was puffy and soft from arousal, glistening with slick he could feel rolling down his inner thighs.

Izuku had little doubt that he had put on quite the show for Katsuki. He let his waist sway from side to side, tail curling in delight along his back as the small nub wagged with his excitement.

See now, though, Midoriya had only planned on teasing.

The last thing he expected was to suddenly feel a firm hand wrapping around the small tail- hands fitting along his hipbone and yanking him back. The rabbit squeaked as suddenly he found himself braced against the cabinets, fingers digging into granite as his glasses skewed down at the sudden yank.

He turned over his shoulder, before flat out shuttering at the filthy look in his roommate's eyes. Bakugou looked as though he was one step away from snapping, a dark shadow overtaking his gaze as he let his hips rock in lazy pushes. Pushes that Izuku greedily returned.

The Omega was clutching onto the countertop for dear life as Bakugou kept him hostage by his sensitive tail, squeezing and stroking the fur in a way that made his headspace fuzzy from need. Every time he would yank his tail upwards Izuku felt the paws of his pads curl in delight, raising him higher up, until he was bent over the countertop with his head planted firmly in his arms.

"Kah-...Katsuki!" he whimpered, arching his hips up further the second he heard the telltale unzip of Bakugou's black jeans. He could hardly keep down his excitement when rough fingers pressed and searched for his soaking folds, spreading them wide open to the cold air as Katsuki's fingers gathered up a generous portion of slick.

From the filthy wet noises echoing behind him, the hare could only assume his excess slick was being used as lubricant. The thought was entertaining, sure, but he sure didn't have time to dwell on it before Katsuki was pressing the head against his clit and rapidly rubbing the sensitive flesh.

Izuku's back snapped like a bowstring as a desperate cry resounded through the kitchen, hips circling helplessly in the hero's hold while Bakugou watched on in smug enjoyment. "What, too much for you, Deku?" he asked, knowing full well the rabbit couldn't hope to respond with all the stimulation.

Yet he tried for a lack of better words, mouth parting open into broken syllables. Ones that inevitably trailed off into a keening whine for more. He shoved his ass back into Katsuki's hips, trying all that he could to catch the head of his dick against his entrance. "Puh...Please!" he chirped, eyes rolling back at the sudden orgasm that overtook him.

He came from just clit stimulation alone, thighs shuttering and weak as he had to rely solely on the countertop to keep him steady. He felt the burst of slick coating the length of Katsuki, easily swept along the full shaft as his body shuddered in the aftershocks.

Unfortunately for him, Katsuki had a very cruel sense of timing.

Just when he thought he would be able to come down from the high that was thrust upon him- Katsuki was thrusting **in**. Oh god, did he go in.

Never before had Izuku been so glad for Bakugou's call at sound-proofing the room, because the scream that left his throat could outright rival Present Mic's. It left a dull ache within the back of his vocal chords, a slight wheeze to his breath as Bakugou had buried himself entirely to the hilt.

He felt so filled- he knew already there was a solid bulge pressing the front of his abdomen. It had the rabbit clenching down tight on the intrusion, paws scrabbling against the marble in a desperate attempt to sate clashing needs. One part of him wanted to lurch away from the oversensitive tingle running through his groin- while another was desperate to push back *further*.

Luckily it seemed that Ground Zero was taking the reins, taking the struggle of choice straight from Izuku's paws as he gladly hung on for the ride. His tongue lolled from between his lips in a lewd series of desperate chirps, the back of his throat solely responsible for the animalistic timbre.

Each thrust seemed to fill him further than the last, rocking his hipbones into the countertop as Bakugou's hands went to hold on to the divot of his hips. The human just couldn't seem to leave his ass alone either. He would grip the excess weight clinging to Izuku's hips and give it a hearty shake, watching his own pelvis knock against the hybrid's ass as they fucked like...

Like...

Animals.

He was fucking Izuku like an outright animal against the countertop, snapping his hips with brutal intent into the squeezing warmth that the hybrid offered. He lost count of just how much sex they had since moving in, seemingly every surface of their penthouse covered with proof of their lovemaking.

The thought churned Katsuki further into excitement, feeling the tell-tale signs of his orgasm building within his abdomen. He grunted out a small note to Izuku, sweat making his grip on the hybrid's hips all the more difficult as his thrusting began to shift into a deep grind that kissed Izuku's cervix *so fucking good*.

The Hybrid could feel wet tracks streaking down his chin from the thrusting, absolutely melting within the other's hold when his body just couldn't keep his thighs up anymore. He let himself dangle by the counter and Katsuki's hold, his vocal chords spitting out nonsensical chatter that didn't even make it to proper English.

"I'm gonna..." Bakugou managed to grit out, tightening his hold on Midoriya's waist while the hybrid's tail rapidly waved in delight from the words. He could feel the strange sensation of Izuku's fingertips brushing the shaft of his cock as he felt about below him for his clit, breath leaving in rapid pants the quicker that Katsuki grinded within him.

A small hum was all he received in response- but was the only thing he really needed as confirmation. With just a few more rocks of his hips he felt the dam snap within him, warm seed rushing inside of Izuku at the same time as his lover's sudden orgasm.

Katsuki swore he would blank out from the intense sensation along his cock, milking him for all that he was worth and sucking his cum deeper inside of the hare's body. Only when every single last bit was emptied did his lover slump onto the countertop once more, absolutely spent as his chest rose and fell in exertion. "Ha...ah..."

Admittedly Bakugou was feeling the same as he gathered up the spent rabbit within his arms, pressing them against the countertop as he attempted to catch his breath. He felt his softening cock quickly losing its grip within the bun, trying to fit his hips closer in order to keep himself in for just a little bit longer. It always had Midoriya purring when his fingers carded through sex-mussed hair.

But inevitably he had to pull back, feeling his cock slip free, followed by the wet sound of cum and slick hitting the tile. Izuku moaned in disappointment at the loss within him, ears flattening further against his head as Katsuki stepped back from his space.

“Don’t keep that long face you cum-hungry fuckhead.” He grumbled, tucking himself lazily within his pants once more. Especially before the sight of Izuku’s parted and wet cunt could get to him once more. Thick globs of white slid out with each residual clench of his orgasm, a big bead staying right at the edge of Izuku’s entrance.

He licked his lips at the sight, before Izuku’s fingers lazily curled up to run his fingers through the filthy mess. “Mmm...” he mused, lifting his head from the counter with an amused glimmer within his emerald gaze.

“So...how cold do you think the food is, Kacchan?”

# Movie Night

## Chapter Summary

Izuku spends some quality time with his lover, though it doesn't go the way either of them planned.

(He also finds out he can squirt. Fun times.)

## Chapter Notes

Hi yeah it's me again, struck with random inspiration for this story.

Sometimes I just re-read it and get hit with nostalgia and need to add another chapter. I love the dynamics of these two in a relationship like what they have.

Oh! And my dear friend, [Dirtyteeths](#) on Tumblr, made me an amazing reference for Izuku. I swear I'm gonna slap it on every fic I write of this hybrid boy.

- - - - - Rabbit Izuku Reference - - - - -



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It was movie night.

That alone seemed pretty damn trivial to anyone else, sure, but to Izuku? They meant the world to the hare.

An entire night dedicated to snacks, cuddles, and spending time with his master; movie night was a rare enough occurrence with Katsuki's work shifts growing more intense. The Pro-Hero rapidly climbed the ranks in such a short amount of time, it just seemed as though he never had any time for home life.

That meant Izuku was home alone more often than not.

It wasn't that Kacchan was lacking entertainment for his pet- he owned almost every single hot new game out there, and had monthly subscriptions to whatever you could even really think of. The setup of his T.V. alone was complete with Netflix and Hulu, as well as many classic DVDs that lined the shelves in display.

It was unspeakably gorgeous to look at, and even more fun to rifle through. Izuku swore up and down he had watched every title at least once. Not to mention the large array of CDs and magazines that always mailed to Bakugou's doorstep.

Though the bun had to admit, outside of all the technology, nothing quite compared to the steadily growing stashes of books just adjacent to the movie display.

He always had preferred the gentle crinkle of paper between his paw pads as he turned the pages. It wasn't that a nook tablet wasn't entirely useful, but the screen often slid over his paws and didn't register his touch. It grew quite frustrating after a while.

And yet no matter the book he read, there was always that itch in the back of his mind. It reminded him that the stretching silence of the household was attributed to only one thing- Katsuki's absence due to hero work.

"Oye, how much butter you want on the popcorn?" A gruff voice called from the kitchen, perking the hybrid's ears up. At least he was here *now*, and Izuku would enjoy every second of it.

"Only a little, please. You already put on the buffalo powder."

"What, you not want it on this time?"

"...Maybe a bit less than usual."

The sound of laughter coming from his owner had warm butterflies blossoming through Izuku's stomach, curling his knees over his chest. In the past such a question would have terrified him to ask. Bakugou's temper only matched his explosive quirk so well, and as a pet he was naturally fearful to become caught in the crossfire.

But as his lover?

Izuku's nose twitched as he felt a quick kiss being planted onto the top of his head, followed by an arm dramatically swinging over his shoulder as Katsuki stepped over the couch into place. The rabbit made sure to leave just enough room for him to plop down.

Then he was pressed right against the blonde's side, body flopping over and relaxing out of instinct. Only when he was around people he *completely* trusted did he manage to relax. The rapid beat of his heart mellowed into a soft tune, lazing his breathing as the opening credits to *All Might*,

*The First Coming* scrolled across the screen.

Not even the loud crunching of popcorn between Bakugou's teeth could stifle his happiness.

"So this the one you wanna watch?" he asked, lifting the remote to scroll to the 'play' option. He owned the DVD since it was a bit of a classic, though he had grown out of other superhero shit when he gained the idea to be a hero himself.

Only when he had an armful of happily bouncing bun did he relent and press play, entertained by his lover's anticipation. "Well, of course! Even if it's a movie it was entirely based on his first rise to fame! The horrific event leaving hundreds needing of rescue, and managing to save each and every single one of them!"

Katsuki's gaze softened as he took in the sheer excitement of the rabbit, that sweet tail wagging against the back of the couch as his paw pads flexed in excitement. He looked ready to bounce up and save people himself.

"Fine, nerd. We can watch it." He finalized their choice with a press of a button, the beginning of the credits slowly rolling onto the screen. It wasn't up Katsuki's alley to watch again, but if it meant Izuku was happy, he was willing to bite his tongue.

Besides- maybe he was just a *bit* of a sucker for All Might themed movies. This wouldn't be all bad.

● -----

"Kacchan, did you SEE that? The effects were so good when he swooped in and punched that guy in the face!"

"Mhm."

"Oh holy shit that might actually be his original Golden Age suit he's wearing! Look at the intricate details- it looks worn down just like the real thing!"

"Yup."

"And did you see that? They spared no expenses in the props and backgrounds, even for the era this movie was recorded in!"

At this point, Katsuki didn't humor a response.

It wasn't that he was *annoyed*, per say, by his rabbit. But Izuku had an eccentric personality that made it very difficult to just sit back and enjoy something. He was always off on a tangent about one thing or another, speaking statistics, reviewing the details that others would leave alone- it was cute yes.

But Katsuki just wanted to watch the movie.

When his bundle of energy bounced up onto his feet at the end of an exhilarating scene Katsuki just stifled a bored sigh. This movie was pretty good for its time, yeah, but it was still a family movie. In other words; no blood, no explosions, no violence beyond implied, and no bad language.

All of the things that kept Katsuki awake throughout the titles.

He was just about ready to roll over when Bakugou caught sight of just what his rabbit was



wearing. He was certainly a fan of the sweaters that the rabbit elected to wear, usually softer in color and design, but today he had worn one of Bakugou's old skull t-shirts.

It was from when he was a teenager, roughly, yet still hung over the rabbit like a dress.

However with Izuku's arms thrown above his head, the second part of his apparel became obvious.

Retro booty shorts.

The sheer black fabric clung to Izuku's thighs like a second skin as his tail innocently poked through a hole in them, wiggling in excitement from where his t-shirt caught over the small cottonfluff. It left the curve of his ass and thighs in very obvious definition, where the white bands of the shorts curved to fit his body.

Katsuki's eyebrows rose to his hairline as he took in the display, before his lips curved into something devious at the thought.

"C'mon, bunny, you're getting too excited here." He said, the edge of his voice laced with an eager rumble as his hands fit themselves against Midoriya's hipbones. The rabbit deflated only long enough to find himself sprawled onto Katsuki's lap.

Immediately he was nestling under his jaw, fitting himself completely to the larger human. "Oh, you think?" he asked, though his voice was getting slurred and lazy from the pressure on his hips. It felt ridiculously good to be pet- no matter the spot.

The movie continued on as Bakugou's hands roved over his body. It started innocently enough; just gentle strokes of his thumb along Izuku's lower stomach, just before the line of fluff that sprouted to his hips.

Yet as the action fell slowly into more dramatics between All-Might and the main villain, Bakuogu's hands too fell- down to the waistline of those shorts. They were tight against his waist before flaring out over his hips. He thumbed the seam with strokes of his thumb, before playfully snapping the white elastic.

He felt Izuku jump against him, before that cotton tail just kept wagging against Bakugou's lower abdomen, a touch faster than previously. "Bakugou..." he breathed out, turning over his shoulder to fix the man with a slightly annoyed stare.

"I wanna watch the movie." He said, before melting further into the touch when Katsuki's fingers traced the inside of the seam. It was ticklish in its repetitive nature, easing Izuku further, before the hand withdrew from the shorts entirely.

The action was met with a quiet whine, before he stifled down the needy noise. When was the last time he and Katsuki had been intimate?

The hare was left with an awkward sensitivity between his legs as the movie continued onwards, this time with Katsuki keeping his hands to himself (miraculously).

Although now there was a light buzz just beneath Izuku's skin. The phantom sensation of Bakuogu's fingers kept him on edge as the sensitivity only increased in further intervals. The more he thought about it, the more aroused he became at the thought of actually *doing things* now.

Usually they don't mess around until after the movie, though...Izuku felt almost adventurous.

His hips shifted just a fraction of an inch forward, towards where he knew his master's groin

would be. His shoulders remained rested against Bakugou's chest, though he inched forward with his waist until he was firmly over his target.

He didn't feel anything yet- though Katsuki's hand moved up to rest upon the bulk of his inner thigh. It was just adjacent to his retro shorts, the fabric feeling almost tacky against his shaved skin.

Izuku had gotten a more...sexual...pet cut. It left his rear and tail still covered in a thin layer of fur, though from his hipbones down was nothing but smooth and pale skin. By no means did he and Katsuki go out to a *groomers* to get this cut- oh god the gossip tabloids would be all over Bakugou having a sexual pleasure pet.

But if Izuku wanted to get creative with some buzzers, he knew Katsuki wouldn't stop him.

It was just infinitely more awkward when he was excited.

There was nothing to stop the little bit of slick from spreading over his skin as he shifted, smearing along his shorts until he didn't feel confident having his legs open. He tried to close them against the sensitivity of his arousal- but Katsuki's grip on his thigh stopped that pretty quickly.

A shy tilt of his head upwards revealed intense crimson eyes staring down at him, a quirk to Katsuki's smile that promised he knew exactly what filthy thoughts moved through his lover's mind.

It sent a dull shiver down Midoriya's spine when those calloused and rough hands parted his legs further, leaving a particularly embarrassing wet spot in the crease of his thighs. Now that the thought had been planted in his mind, all he wanted was to be **fucked**.

Judging by the slight twitch beneath his ass, Katsuki thought the exact same thing.

"Naughty little bunny, I thought you wanted movie night." He purred into the flop of his ear, immediately dragging a low whimper from Izuku's bitten lips. He had fitted the plush skin of his lower lip between those adorable buck teeth.

He once again tried to turn his head away, only to find Katsuki's mouth along the curve of his throat. He couldn't stifle the cry that left his lips if he wanted to. The sensation against his scent gland had his toes curling in delight, legs twitching in an effort to close his legs.

Only his intention was to get some form of *stimulation*.

Katsuki was a horrible tease when he wanted to be, that much was always clear. His nails bit into the fur of Midoriya's thighs, dragging painfully slow up the muscle. Izuku's breath grew just a fraction faster with each inch he traversed, stopping just shy of where the bun desperately needed it.

"You already wet?" he asked, expecting an honest answer when Izuku's bright green eyes shut tightly.

He refused to move until he got an answer, and that alone was enough of a blow to Midoriya's pride. No matter how his hips squirmed and arched into his palm, Katsuki didn't budge even an inch. He bit down a desperate whine through his teeth as his legs kicked out for *more*. He needed more.

Finally he relented when Katsuki's teeth sunk into the hyperactive gland, drawing a muffled shout from him as the next words to come tumbling out were, "Yes, yes! God, Kacchan, I'm so wet. I'm so wet any time you touch me, or look at me like that, or say such dirty things- I want you to touch

me so badly. Please!”

The hare had to draw in a deep breath after his spiel was over, though the humiliation was well worth it. Katsuki’s entire palm felt sparingly hot as he cupped the outline of Izuku’s sex through the shorts, growling in such a smug manner as the wetness smeared over his digits.

“Fuckin’ filthy,” He moaned, “You weren’t kidding when you said you were soaked. How long have you needed me, baby? Huh?”

Katsuki’s fingers traced the puffy lips of his labia through the shorts, working especially so over the wet spot that spread through the thin fabric. He followed the path up towards where he knew the poor hare’s clit lay.

One press and Izuku saw stars, scrabbling for purchase on Katsuki’s arm. His master had wrapped his spare arm around the swell of Midoriya’s hips, holding onto him to cease the worst of his squirming. And squirm the rabbit did.

It felt so *good* to have Bakugou’s hands on him, rough and ruthless, rubbing down his clit even as the stimulation was nearly too much. The pressure he put on the sensitive bud was just shy of painful, though in all the best ways.

Everything about Katsuki was rough, including his love.

The kiss between them was all encompassing as those sinful fingers kept groping him through his shorts, driving Midoriya mad with need. His walls ached for something more, something deeper- his toys weren’t nearly enough to get him through the lonely nights without his master.

“Kacchan...” He breathed into the kiss, before finding them parted just long enough for Katsuki to turn his head back to the T.V.

“It’s your favorite part.” He spoke, though his fingers never relented. If anything they only went fast enough to further water those overstimulated green eyes. It was hard to focus on the screen, but lo and behold, it was the final showdown between All-Might and the baddie.

Usually his attention would stay locked on the screen as the dramatic speech unfolded between good and evil- but today? He didn’t care.

He tried to push up into Bakugou’s arms, drag his attention away from the cinema, though his struggling was stopped when Katsuki pulled away entirely. “No no, it’s movie night, bunny. We’re gonna finish the movie.” He stated so smugly, loving the desperate chirps panting past his Omega’s lips.

The man knew damn well his little lover didn’t care about the climax of the movie. The only climax he cared about was through Bakugou’s fingers.

The Pro-Hero just smiled in smug satisfaction when the bun couldn’t stop rolling his hips against Katsuki’s stationary hands, appreciating the desperation, though refusing to acknowledge it. Slick smeared over his fingers as his poor lover grew impossibly wet.

“More- oh god, please, Bakugou. **More!**”

Oh god. It was too cute when he begged for it. Lord help him, because Katsuki was a weak man.

His fingers went back to work, though not with the usual gusto he normally applied. Instead he circled the hare’s swollen clit with lazy strokes, loving how every pass would draw a little twitch

from his charge. He'd go from side to side when Midoriya got too used to the circular motion, stimulating every spot that had grown unused to the stimulation.

He'd be just as sensitive all over again, biting down on Katsuki's Chanel white shirt. He didn't even care he was drooling on it- not when those cute doe eyes were rolled to the back of his head with each harsh pass over his clit.

Katsuki's fingers never let up until the rabbit desperately shifted to the side, spreading his legs wider and straining the soaked fabric over his cunt. "Want- I want it off, oh god." He tried to speak, though his voice was heavily accented. Hybrids, while capable of speech, often found the prospect difficult during certain times.

This was one of those times.

"You want it off? Can you ask me nicely, baby?" he asked, loving the desperate twist to his features. Izuku's tongue felt so thick in his mouth as he tried to formulate words, lips moving without any noises besides quiet squeaks coming out.

Bakugou applied even more pressure, loving the unfocused haze that clouded his mate's eyes. He kept his fingers moving even when Izuku tried to form words, legs kicking out every time he'd hit an especially sensitive area.

"I...n-nee...huhhh..Need..." Izuku slurred, "Need...mate. Need fuck...I need!"

It was too cute, too fucking precious, that Bakugou wasted no time in gripping the white elastic of the shorts. He slid them down over the awkward bend in Izuku's thighs, allowing it to fall through a single leg before hanging haphazardly along the other.

When the cool air hit Midoriya's overheated cunt, the small hare whimpered, especially when Katsuki's fingers spread his labia wide open. "So goddamn soaked for me. Gonna drip all over my nice jeans, aren't you?" He asked, though it was only punctuated when his roughened fingers returned to Izuku's clit.

With nothing between them to saturate the stimulation, Midoriya's back arched, craning his neck against Bakugou's shoulder as a barely restrained scream ripped through his throat. All it took was a few rapid movements over his clit and he was gone.

A burst of warmth spread over Katsuki's thighs as Izuku came, thighs twitching rapidly as each wave of his orgasm forced a burst of slick past his drenched cunt. The surprise of it all had the Pro-Hero reeling, pausing in his strokes to allow Midoriya respite.

The hare's chest rose with each labored breath, not even noticing Katsuki's hand until the drenched palm was held up to face level.

"Oh my god." The blonde spoke, looking over the blooming wet spot in his jeans, then studying his fingers. "Did you just squirt?"

Izuku wasn't in the mindset to reply. He was boneless against Bakugou's chest, recovering from the force of his orgasm. He didn't even care when he was shifted up just enough to allow his master to unbutton his jeans.

"You filthy little bunny. You did just squirt, didn't you?" Katsuki sneered, "Made a mess of me too. That's awfully naughty of you." He wasn't actually angry, though his tone implied so. It was always more fun when Midoriya's eyes turned up to him, wide and concerned.

He shoved the tarnished jeans halfway down his hips, before bringing his boxers along with. “Yeah, that was pretty dirty of you, wasn’t it? Bad bunnies need to be punished.”

The thick expanse of his cock met open air, before teasingly pressing right at Izuku’s clit. The pierced head was translucent with a mixture of pre and slick, easily sliding over the entire shaft as he lined himself up to Midoriya’s parted folds.

The Prince Albert piercing was a new addition to their sex life, though Midoriya loved it beyond description.

“Your punishment is to ride my cock until I come, *without* getting to release until I do again.”

The words were enough to pull another full body shudder down his pet, before hitting the recline option on their sofa and allowing them just a bit more room to work with. “Oh. And you have to watch the movie as you do so as well. Do I make myself clear?”

Those flop ears bounced with his curls from the force of his nodding, the hybrid struggling to right himself on Katsuki’s lap. His thighs were strained tight with muscles, hardened to the touch as Katsuki’s hands greedily gripped the fur.

Izuku’s little cottontail just kept on wagging, even as he felt the head of Katsuki’s cock pressing to his hole.

“Remember; no cumming until I do”

With that final warning he gripped Izuku mercilessly by his hips, driving him down, splitting open the hare on his cock. From the scream that echoed through their apartment, Katsuki almost had a moment to wonder if he actually hurt his darling.

Yet the lewd moan that followed immediately stifled the concern, Midoriya’s hips quick to grind through the full feeling. It’s been a week or two since they got to fuck, and his hyperactive little rabbit was too eager to continue.

The velvety walls of his cunt seemed to suction to Bakugou’s cock, milking him, squeezing the head with each clench of his abdominal muscles. It paired beautifully with the tight slide, Midoriya raising his hips just enough to let an inch or two out.

Then he would snap down immediately, chirping at the way Katsuki’s pierced head would kiss his cervix. It was no secret the hare enjoyed a deeper fuck, rather than a faster one, though Katsuki knew it wouldn’t be a ‘punishment’ without some intervention.

When Izuku went to rise again he paused the rabbit before he could slam down, dragging his hips further upwards, despite the protest. “Wha-?” Izuku squeaked, before shutting his eyes tightly when just the head remained inside of his cunt.

He felt so woefully empty as the divot to the head caught on his rim, threatening to pull the very last inch out. “Feel that?” Bakugou asked, refusing to let his lover squirm back down. “That’s how high I want you to bounce off my cock. If you aren’t working those muscles, then I’m prolonging your punishment.”

He squeezed his hips when Midoriya nodded in understanding, before slamming the hybrid back down onto his cock. The sweet cries that left his lover were addicting to hear, loving how the curve of his back only further emphasized the bounce to his ass when their hips met.

Katsuki would cant up into the embrace, before lowering his hips in tangent to Midoriya’s rise. It

was a wet and dirty pace, echoing the slap of their skin as Izuku struggled to keep the pace up on his knees. The bend was awkward and uncomfortable- until finally he leaned forward just enough to rest his paws onto Katsuki's knees.

From there he hoisted himself up onto the bend of his paw-pads, before slamming down with enough force to draw a choked moan from the blonde. "Fuck-" He swore, until he was left speechless at the pace Izuku set.

The curve of his tail didn't stop wagging for a moment as he moved most of his weight onto his front paws, allowing him to grind and slam his hips at whatever pace he saw best. The swell of his hips were too alluring to pass up, with Bakugou relocating his hands to the spot.

From there he could only hold on for dear life as the cute pleas of his lover reached Bakugou's ears.

"K-Kacchan, oh god, Kacchan- you're so big. I'm gonna cum soon, oh god, Katsuki, I'm going to cum! Please let me cum! I can't-" He drawled on, drool sliding down his chin as tears followed the same path. His tongue was unable to stay between his lips as each thrust sent a jolt straight through his groin.

Katsuki's grin was borderline manic as he drove his own hips upwards. "Not until I cum, Deku, or else." He growled, unable to take his eyes off of the way Izuku's cunt clenched around him. He was fucking up into him harder than Midoriya had been riding, chasing the orgasm that was building in the pit of his stomach.

"Kacchan, please! Oh god I'm too close, please, I'm gonna cum. I'm gonna cum all over again, if you keep it up! Oh god I want you in me so bad, wanna feel your cum, need to feel you filling me please, please, please pleasepleaseplease-"

The last thing Deku could remember was Katsuki's hand flying between his thighs, before immediately the burst of stimulation over his clit had the hare falling apart.

White flooded his vision as electricity shot through his entire body, consuming him, drowning out all over stimuli that could hope to reach him.

All he felt was several moments of prolonged euphoria, steadily building into a crescendo that left him completely dazed by the time the stimulation tapered down enough to be coherent again.

By the time he owlishly blinked back into awareness he felt the tell-tale signs of cum dribbling from his cunt, seeping out around the softening cock still inside of him. It fell out with a wet flop when Izuku rose his hips just enough to put on a show, smiling over his shoulder as his fingers idly rubbed his clit.

He felt wet divots of cum landing on his finger as he worked, dribbling over Katsuki's softening cock as his cunt clenched around nothing.

"Who came first?" he finally had the semblance to ask, only to bite back a groan when Katsuki's hands threaded through his green locks. While his owner certainly looked blissed out, there was no denying the mischievous glint in his eyes.

"You did."

Izuku's eyes widened at the revelation, before becoming hooded again when Bakugou just couldn't keep his hands off of his ass. "You know what that means?" He asked, though Izuku's grin very much matched his own.

*“I get **punished.**”*

## End Notes

The second chapter is going to be nothing but porn so ayyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyy. Looking forward to writing that, but I figured I'd post what I have so far and say fuck it. Hope ya'll enjoy this shameless shit.

Works inspired by this [one](#) [Cinnamon Bun Bun](#) by [DarkMachi](#)

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